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details did not lead him to treat foregrounds with such apparent indifference.

I fear that, by this time, you begin to think I have given all my observation to the Turners, and have neglected other most worthy painters. But not so. I have found great pleasure in studying the works of Stanfield, Calcott, Constable and Creswick, and many of the older painters. Hogarth, in particular, far surpassed my expectations; and the portraits of Reynolds and Lawrence are very fine. With Gainsborough and Wilson I was somewhat disappointed—perhaps I have not seen the best specimens of their labor.

Judging of the present Landscape school of England by two or three late exhibitions in London, I would place it far below that of America. Never in my life have I seen such a collection of hopelessly bad pictures as at the British Institution, and yet I am told it ranks next to the Royal Academy. We see much that is bad in our New York exhibitions, but there is always an evident intention by the painter to express some fact as well as he can, but here everything seems to be done for display. The English landscape school presents more art-knowledge, which, if kept in its proper place, would be useful and creditable to the school; but paint is put on the canvas with a view to show how skillfully the artist can lay on the color and hide the brush. Stanfield and Creswick are exceptions. The first is a great painter, and Creswick is very true and beautiful, but very limited in his range of subject; his color is often crude and unpleasant, and his trees have little character. William Hunt, the water-color painter of fruit and flowers, paints the most lovely pieces of simple color I ever saw. Of the Pre-Raphaelites I have seen but little, and what I have seen has not served to increase my admiration of the school. I have seen works by Holman Hunt and Rossetti which are very fine; also several landscapes by young men I never heard of before.

I called on Cropsey yesterday. He is in good health and spirits, and is getting on finely with his large picture, which is about half completed. It is called *Autumn on the Hudson*, and promises to be his best work. Some of his studies made last summer on the Isle of Wight are exquisite, comprising great breadth with the most delicate finish. Δ

BITUMINIZED "PAPER" PIPES.—The ingenious idea of hardening paper by means of an admixture of bitumen, under the influence of hydraulic pressure, so as to convert it into a substitute for iron, is due, it appears, to M. Jaloureau, of Paris. The world has already become familiar with the utility and value of *papier mâché* as a substitute for stone or marble in molding, architectural castings, busts, and statues; it has also heard recently that the Chinese constructed their cannon of prepared paper lined with copper, and that they even make paper pipes—that an eccentric character at Norwood has built himself a house of paper—and that our American friends have invented a veritable paper brick—but nothing, it is believed, has lately come before the British public, in the way of paper, so curious, and yet practicable, as these bituminous paper pipes. Testing experiments conducted under the great clock-tower at the Houses of Parliament, are reported to have "proved that the material, while it possessed all the tenacity of iron, with one half its specific gravity, had double the strength of stoneware tubes, without, moreover, being liable to breakage, as in the case of other material, and which frequently causes a loss to the contractor of some 20 or 25 per cent. on the supply." In order to test their strength, two of these bituminous paper pipes of five-inch bore and half-an-inch thick were subjected to hydraulic power, and they are said to have sustained, without breaking or bursting, a pressure of 220lbs. to the square inch, or equivalent to 506 feet head of water. The cost of the pipes is understood to be about one-half the cost of iron. Specimens of pipes employed in the transmission of gas at the Palais des Invalides during the last eighteen months, were exhibited by Messrs. Joske & Young, the proprietors.—*London Builder*.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1860.

Sketchings.

THE MUSCLE MANIA IN ENGLAND.

IN 1854 Professor Faraday delivered a very remarkable lecture on Mental Education, in which we find this passage: "Claiming, then, the use of the ordinary faculties of the mind, in ordinary things, let me next endeavor to point out what appears to me to be a great deficiency in the exercise of the mental powers in every direction; three words will express this great want, *Deficiency of Judgment*." The professor wrote this passage when the sorry delusion of table-moving had eaten, like a cancer, into the public mind. Of late a still more brutal delusion has been fermenting in the brains of people, a delusion indicating but too clearly the moral condition of the age, and its rank materialism—we allude to pugilism. Under the pretext of advocating this savage practice, a great deal is said as to its bearing upon the growth, or development of muscle. To read the newspaper drivelling on this point is more painful than to hear spoiled, rotten-teethed children clamoring for candies, seeing that the pursuit of pugilism would inevitably lead to the decline of muscle, and to the worst physical consequences. Let us have the history of the children of pugilists, and then we shall show its blasting effects upon even the animal system.

Besides, that which is poisonous and deleterious to the moral and intellectual parts of man must be equally so to his physical structure; they are but parts of a complete whole. Those animal frames which have stood the greatest amount of hardship in the trials of the ring have undoubtedly issued from loins having more honesty of purpose than the vile profession of a pugilist would indicate. It must also be admitted that a pugilist is an irregular and savage growth in the human order of things, indicating a fatally abnormal disproportion between the moral, intellectual, and physical parts of the human organism.

If the spread of table-moving delusions startled Professor Faraday, and made him sensible of the deficiency of judgment amongst his countrymen, we think their strong approval of pugilism is a much more damning proof of the fact. The comments of the English press on pugilism might be taken as a strong proof of the total want of moral sensibility and of mental rectitude amongst the English people, of a decline in their taste and elevation of pursuit. It may be that their colonizing, trading, and commercial tendencies are at war with that spiritual nature so beautifully exemplified in the character and teachings of Christ, and which is now so generally overlooked in the biblical, missionary, and evangelical cant of the nation. Granting, as we do, the importance of physical vigor or muscle, provided it is not, in the economy of nature, out of proportion to the moral and intellectual parts of our system, we have yet to note the want of English judgment, in not being able to discriminate between the use and abuse of the animal faculties in man. In the moral order of things, individuals and communities, and institutions are and should be held responsible to a high standard for the exercise of their powers. And if people would imbibe the spirit of Christ, and stop their biblical cant, this want of judgment, complained of by Faraday, would not be so painfully apparent. The vulgar slang, *that we can do as we please with our own*, is the very impudence of individual

anarchy, and the profanest protest against the Christian religion. If a man has intellect, can he exercise it in the perversion of others? If a man has a strong animal frame, is he authorized to convert it into a bloody instrument? If a man has wealth, is he justified in making it an engine of others' humiliation or overthrow, or through testamentary technicalities, the fulcrum upon which to rest his worst passions, in order to cast confusion into the social system?

We know that moral distinctions are painful to most people; they eat, like acid, into their cankered souls and torpid consciences and worldly cannibalism. But the sacred duties of life are so repeatedly violated under the honeyed phrases and bastard pretensions of hypocrisy, that moral distinctions become imperative if we would guard ourselves from that deficiency of judgment alluded to by Professor Faraday.

In the eyes of the London Times—the printed Mephistopheles of the age—the gladiatorship of the muscle is equally as wholesome and as creditable to the English people as that of their trade and commerce, and is a fit accompaniment to their ponderous navy and boasted army. In the pestiferous hotbed of her pugilism she is to find the strength of arm, and courage of soul to defend her boundaries from the encroaching footstep of the hated foreigner, and those Anglo-Saxon heroes with whose prowess she will awe the world.

We are but too well aware that the Satanic policy of this journalistic Polyphemus is forged out of its own iron selfishness, its own trading craft, and that its one-eyed judgments are as crooked and twisted as its ends are demoralizing. The scales of justice have long since dropped from its palsied grasp, and its mental plummet is no longer suited but to sound the depths of English national corruption, with which it is itself on a dead level.

A portion of the English press has even gone so far as to see the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race in its love of pugilism. This theory of race is but little understood by the English; they use it as a convenient way of lauding themselves. Theologically they generally hold to the Hebrew view of the matter, but secularly they convert it into an excuse for oppression and the robbery of others. If they are ambitious of rivalling the Greeks and Romans in their barbarous sports, let them set aside the God of the Hebrews and build a temple to Pollux; but they are too obtuse to see the unhappy discrepancy between their profession of Christianity and their pagan practices. It will yet be seen that Anglo-Saxonism stands in the same relationship to the growing structure of civilization that the hod-carrier does to one of our best specimens of public architecture, and that its declamations and rantings against our American slavery are but hypocritical howlings to drown the painful memory of the national loss in its manumission. The English love of muscle, therefore, and their loud-mouthed admiration of its prostitution, seem to be, after all, but the inevitable instinct of their grossly animalized natures.

In this country pugilism is an imported vice; it has no native root here, except in a certain portion of our Anglo-Saxonized soil. Neither the vile portion of our press, nor the black centres of political corruption can make it indigenous. We hope, therefore, our people, individually, collectively, socially, and politically, will never countenance it, will enact Draconian laws to have it extirpated from the country. To tolerate it will engender a vicious appetite which will have to be satiated by its brutal exercise. Prone, fatally prone as we are to be influenced by English example, English precedent, and English fashion, let

us, at any rate, never incur the odium and disgrace of opening out the national door to this abominable English vice.

If we grow muscle—and let us make it a point to do so—let it be absorbed in the faithful discharge of our private and public duties, let it be actively exercised in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and giving drink to the thirsty. It is only in the normal exercise of the cardinal virtues of our nature that we can become a great people, the real disciples of Christ, with courage, well tempered courage, to defend our rights, and well-balanced patience to forbear when it becomes a virtue to do so. The right exercise of all our faculties is the surest pathway to eternal peace and concord upon earth. *Beati pacifici: quoniam filii Dei vocabuntur.*

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

SECOND NOTICE.

OF the figure-subjects in the present exhibition, the largest is MAY'S "Italian Peasant Girl inscribing the Confession of her Love upon a Tomb." The painter has succeeded so well in expressing what he aimed at, that it only remains for the person who looks at this picture to pronounce upon the value of the labor bestowed on it. We have to report that artists generally admire the work on account of its color, and for certain achievements in drawing. In "Princess Elizabeth in the Tower," we have a historical subject by LEUTZE. The figure of the princess strikes us as the best representation of female character he has painted since he gave us Queen Katherine in the "Court of Henry VIII.," one of his early works. Elizabeth is here represented as, in effect, a prisoner, having just passed an inquisitorial examination regarding her faith, the prelate who conducted it being in the act of retiring from the hall in the background. She stands with eyes uplifted, evidently resigned to her fate, whatever it may be. Her attitude and expression convey the mingled emotions of doubt and trust, which the occasion and the uncertainty of its result call for. The impression we receive from this figure is of such force as to render us indifferent to the somewhat *outré* composition, and the awkward figure of the prelate. As usual with Mr. Leutze, he has painted the architecture and accessories admirably. LEIGHTON, an English artist, is represented by "Samson and Delilah," and "Scene from Romeo and Juliet." The former being placed where it cannot be seen to advantage, we have only to do with the latter. A great deal of labor and study has been bestowed upon this picture, and yet with no adequate result, for the reason that the minor excellences of Art take precedence of the higher ones. The details of furniture, and the small figures in the background are well painted. The countenances of Capulet, Paris, and Lady Capulet, however, excite a smile; to our eye they are grotesque masks. The friar's face wears a more natural expression, because, perhaps, it is a portrait, and the artist did not attempt to add what he did not find in his model. Had the artist the same grasp of the spiritual as he has of the material elements of Art, he would be better qualified to treat a scene from Romeo and Juliet. EASTMAN JOHNSON contributes five works, of which "Marguerite" and "Mating" are the principal. "Marguerite," with a title, and the shadow-profile of Mephistopheles visible on the sunlit wall, stands for an idealization of Goethe's Marguerite. We prefer the picture without a name, particularly as it suggests a type of character which we deem to be quite remote from the creation of the great German poet. It is a charming personification of beauty, and a fine example of Mr. Johnson's

varied powers. "Mating" pleases the public, as it ought to. This scene of humble courtship is perfectly realized. The coloring seems to be an advance on previous works. G. O. LAMBDIN has three subjects, one of children engaged in "Drawing the Elephant," another called the "Weary Watcher," and a third, "Looking over the Happy Autumn Fields," representing a girl leaning on a stile, musing, at sunset. These works are remarkable for fine color; and, in the child-subjects, for *naïveté* of expression. The last named has sentiment, and is a progressive work. NEWELL contributes seven small works, true in sentiment, and very effective in general execution. His works generally are confined to one figure. Variety of subject and larger canvases may be safely ventured on by this artist; they would bring him out. Of EHNINGER's works, five in number, "Washington's First Interview with Mrs. Custis," and "The Slipper," are best expressive of his power. The interest of the former is reflected in the subject; the latter creates its own admiration, and is therefore, to our mind, the most complete work. There is both grace and refinement in the latter, uncontrolled by the exigencies of portraiture. LANG has "Mary, Queen of Scots," a description of which has already appeared in our columns. The condemned queen is formally taking leave of her attendants, and at the same time performing a religious rite by partaking of the communion cup, her jailers having refused her a priest. With the exception of "Queen Elizabeth and Margaret Lambrun," Mr. Lang's last work, "Mary, Queen of Scots," is his best performance, showing more dramatic power and chasteness of color than heretofore. HUNTINGTON, in "The Counterfeit Note," gives us a very complete picture of an incident quite common in our land,—an attempt to pass a counterfeit bank-bill. The group of the deaf old shopkeeper and the wife, who is speaking in his ear, while pointing backward to the suspicious-looking individual who tendered the note, and who is waiting for his change, is very happily conceived. The girl who is seated at a counter, examining goods, is beautifully painted. She is, indeed, the most prominent figure in the picture, a negative accessory, like similar figures in Dutch pictures. Her drapery, so well drawn and colored, like the flowers in the chair on the right, serves to enrich the composition. In color, this picture is not so agreeable as it might be; in every other respect, it is a very valuable and much-needed contribution to our *genre* school of art.

There is a number of small figure-subjects of merit, as follows: BAKER (W. R.) has "Polichinelle;" BENSON, the "Last Minstrel;" and BLAUVELT, "Winter" and "Hot Stuff," both admirable, humorous sketches; G. B. BUTLER, "The Young Student;" CARLIN, "The Virtuoso;" LAZARUS, "The Morning Walk;" DANA, "Warming up," a muffled snow-shoveller; FULLER, "After the Bath," a negro nurse and child; HENNESSY, "The Race," and "Falstaff's Page," both promising works; FRANK HOWLAND contributes three works, fine in color and sentiment, of which "Picking Grapes" (a group of children) and "The First Romance" (a young girl absorbed in a novel) are the most noticeable; JONES, "The Breakfast;" MCCLURG, a Study; Miss OAKLEY, several clever progressive works, "Home" being the most important; ORTEL, a fine drawing of an Indian's Victory over a Bear; J. T. PEELE, a number of ideal figures; SCHLEGEL, a group of boys at an eating-house table—excellent in character, and powerful in color—a work indicating better things hereafter; WANDESFORD, a carefully executed water-color; YEWELL, "Children in the Wood;" EDWIN WHITE, "The Prayer of Faith shall save the Sick;" and

GREENE, by "Minora," an impersonation of the minor key of music.

Foreign productions, although numerous, are not so prominent as in previous exhibitions. We would mention "Indiscretion," by DUVERGER; "Chickens," by LAMBERT and by LEMMENS; a landscape by LAMBINET; three groups by LANFANT DE METZ; "The Old Farm," by LE POITEVIN; "Landscape with Figures," by Prof. VOLTZ; "The Love-Letter," by ZIMMERMAN, a very fine production; water-color drawings, by THWAITE and by TITFORD; and a large marine, by DE HAAS, a fine picture of its class.

In Portraiture there are many superior examples. HEALY maintains his reputation in a "Family Group." An exacting critic might demand better drawing of the figure, and more careful execution than is apparent on some portions of this canvas. The picture is, nevertheless, a masterly work. ELLIOT contributes one or two heads, which we venture to pronounce superior to most of his former works, for instance, that of Mr. John Harper. INGHAM, whose name always recalls the palmy days of portraiture, when his portraits of ladies formed the chief attractions of our exhibitions—portraits as yet unequalled for elegance and grace—contributes three heads. HUNTINGTON contributes a remarkably fine portrait of a lady, in style and treatment a masterpiece. STONE has a fine portrait of a lady (No. 537) and two cabinet-heads (Nos. 361, 366), which are especially worthy of study. We notice a head of Washington, by REMBRANDT PEALE, one of the latest productions of this remarkable man. WENZLER is represented by two portraits of young ladies, of peculiar excellence (Nos. 194, 364). These heads are conscientiously drawn; the latter is, to our eye, the best in color, and a more successful performance in this respect than usual. FURNISS has a fine portrait of a lady (No. 602), and BOGLE three heads, much in advance of his previous works. BAKER makes up for a deficiency of portraits by several cabinet heads, in which the best qualities of his art are apparent. "Maidenhood" and "Girlhood," two ideal heads, support his claims to attention.

Of the landscapes not referred to in our first notice, we have to mention two Italian subjects, by CHAPMAN, "Twelfth Night," and "Scene in the Pope's Garden," the landscape parts of which are carefully painted from nature. These pictures display all the nice finish and good taste that characterize his works. SHATTUCK's "Early Summer" is the largest of his contributions, and in many respects the best. The same merits would be more striking if the interest of the subject had been proportioned to the size of the canvas. COIMAN has but one picture, called "The Morning Bath," and of this we would make the same remark. W. M. BROWN exhibits three meritorious landscapes, RAWSTORNE a study of Rocks, FEUCHSEL two Views, and RONDELL a "View of the Palisades."

Of animal subjects, TAIT sends this year two or three groups of ducks, chickens, etc., which show full power. WATERMAN contributes six works, greatly in advance of previous efforts, due, we imagine, to a study of French art. He has good feeling for color and composition; and his animals are alive and active. BEARD contributes two subjects full of humor: "The Little Visitor," in which we see a guinea-pig introducing himself into a cat's family circle, is an admirable performance. PEELE has a fine group of dogs.

In the department of marine-subjects, BRADFORD has two interesting examples. The boats in "Fresh Breeze off Sandy Hook," an effective composition, are admirably drawn. H. B.

BROWN shows fine poetic feeling, in "Off Cape Elizabeth," and "Fog at White Head." DIX contributes three small compositions, "The Reef" being one of the most striking and imaginative.

Two admirable pieces, one by HALL, of "Flowers, from Nature," a gem; and "Fruit," by Miss WENZLER, an elaborate and careful study, conclude our brief notice of the thirty-sixth annual exhibition of the National Academy.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

We have lately had the pleasure of examining a very interesting, and *newly discovered* collection, of nearly eight hundred engraved profile portraits of the most eminent persons who flourished in this country half a century ago: statesmen and magistrates, warriors and patriots, physicians and surgeons, divines, authors and men of learning, judges and lawyers, inventors and engineers, editors, artists, benefactors and philanthropists, merchants and men of wealth, members of congress from all parts of the Union, together with many of their wives and daughters. These portraits are small, but they are beautifully engraved, full of life and character, and, as likenesses, are reliable beyond question. The greater number of these are portraits of persons belonging to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; yet hitherto the public have known nothing of their existence. This is accounted for by the strange fact that all the portraits in this extraordinary collection are impressions from *private plates*. But perhaps it will be asked, how could impressions be collected from nearly eight hundred different private plates? The answer is easy. *They were all engraved by one man, and these are his proofs.*

The name of the industrious artist to whom we are so much indebted for these valuable contributions to American history, was Charles Balt'r Julien Fevret de Saint Memin, an officer in the military service of France, who was driven into exile by the fearful events of the French revolution. About 1790, he arrived in this country, and two or three years afterward, in order to support his family, now reduced from affluence to poverty, he began to engrave these private plates, and continued to do so with considerable success, for upward of twenty years, during which time it is known that he completed eight hundred and eighteen. Upon the downfall of Napoleon, he returned to France, and took his proofs with him; but, being restored to the army by Louis XVIII., who dated his commission back to 1790, he engraved no more. In after years, he arranged these portraits in their present condition, and wrote the names and dates upon them. In 1852, at an advanced age, in the ancient city of Dijon, honored and beloved by all who knew him, he died, and left this collection of portraits, which he had arranged with so much care, as an evidence of his talent and industry. An agent of the present possessor, being in Paris last year, heard of the collection, went to Dijon, purchased and sent it to this city. Mr. Elias Dexter, 362 Broadway, so well known to all our portrait and print collectors, will be happy to show the collection to all who feel interested in such matters.

A FESTIVAL COMMEMORATIVE OF THE BIRTH OF THE IMMORTAL "BARD OF AVON."

Held at the Rooms of the "Century," Monday, 23d April, 1860.

SUCH is the title of a festivity, in the shape of a remarkable dinner, which took place as above stated, and of which we have the pleasure of submitting the following report:

The dinner was prepared under the superintendence and

tasteful skill of James M. Sanderson, Esq., to whom the gentlemen present were indebted for the arrangement of the programme, and the preparation of the very appropriate quotations from the writings of the immortal bard, appended to each dish. The bill of fare, herewith presented, will give to the reader an idea of the study required in its arrangement. The appositeness of the quotations is creditable to the industrious research and taste of the skillful caterer.

BILL OF FARE.

FIRST COURSE.

- "Continue in * courses, till thou knowest what they are."
Oysters on the Half Shell.—The East River
"Sends
This treasure of an oyster."
"Set a deep glass of Rhenish wine."
Gumbo Soup. The Sanderson Soup.
"— expect spoon-meat." "Something too crab-bed."
"Thou lack'st a cup of Canary."
Kennebec Salmon, boiled, with lobster sauce.
"Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish."
North River Shad, broiled, sauce remoulade.
"A very fresh fish here."
Bermuda Potatoes, boiled.
"Let the sky rain potatoes,"
"From the still vex'd Bermoothes."
Fresh Cucumbers.
"For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps."

SECOND COURSE.

- "— great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."
Spring-Lamb, roasted, with mint sauce.
"— innocent
As is the sucking lamb."
Roast Capons, stuffed with truffles.
"You cannot feed Capons so."
Veal Sweetbreads, larded, with tomato sauce.
"{' Veal,' quoth the Dutchman; 'is not Veal a Calf?'"
Spring Chickens, broiled, with Steward's sauce.
"You would eat chickens i' the shell."
Livers of Geese, with Madeira sauce.
"This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a delty,
A green goose a goddess."
Wild Squabs, stewed, with vegetable sauce.
"— which he will put on us,
As pigeons feed their young."
Asparagus, with butter sauce.
"Who comes so fast in silence of the night."
Green Peas, with sugar.
"I had rather have a handful or two of pease."
Sweet Corn, Indian style.
"The gods sent not corn for the rich men only."
Onions, stewed, with gravy.
"An onion will do well for such a shift."
"Daylight and champagne discovers not more."

THIRD COURSE.

- "Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."
English Snipe, broiled, on toast.
"I should time expend with such a snipe."
Blue-winged Teal, roasted.
"O! dainty duck,"
"with wings as swift as meditation."
A Wild Boar's Head, garnished with spears.
"Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one."

Boston Lettuce, with mayonnaise sauce.

"We may pick a thousand salads,
ere we light on such another herb."
"Run nothing but claret wine."

FOURTH COURSE.

"— the fruits are to ensue,"
"And any pretty little tiny kickshaws."

Rum Pudding.

"— bless'd pudding,"
"The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns."

Quince Pies.

"They call for quinces in the pastry."

Tartelettes of Apples.

"Carv'd like an apple tart."

Cream Kisses.

"Kissing-comfits and snow eringoos."
"The last of many doubled kisses."

Tutti-Frutti Ice Cream.

"Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes"

DESSERT.

"A last year's pippin, * * with a dish of Carraways."
"Four pounds of prunes, and as many raisins o' the sun."

"The fig of Spain, very good."
"There is a dish of leather-coats for you."

"Give * this * orange to your friend."

"And fetch the new nuts."
"My cheese, my digestion."

"Go, fetch me a quart of sack: put a toast in it,"

"And good store of fertile Sherris."

"Some aqua-vitæ, ho!"

The gentlemen and their guests assembled at the rooms of the "Century," at half-past six o'clock, and at seven o'clock they proceeded with their venerable president, the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, to the beautifully decorated banqueting-hall. This magnificent room was most tastefully prepared for the occasion. A bust of Shakspeare, crowned with laurel, looked down from a lofty pedestal, and a transparency from the skillful pencil of Louis Lang, was placed immediately behind the chair of the president; it represented Shakspeare and the actors who played the principal parts in his plays, consisting of portraits taken from the most authentic sources; besides these appropriate artistic symbols, the room was otherwise tastefully decorated with the American and English flags, and an abundance of flowers distributed over the table.

After grace by the Rev. Dr. Bellows, the company commenced the jovial and cheerful labors of the evening. The party consisted of about sixty gentlemen, members of the club, distinguished in various professions—painters, architects, judges, lawyers, and merchants—men of influence and mark in our community. The guests were Mr. J. H. Siddons, a lineal descendant of the renowned Mrs. Siddons, Rev. Dr. Bellows, Rev. Mr. Hudson, the distinguished lecturer on Shakspeare, Mr. Richard Grant White, his commentator, who has secured a high rank among the commentators of the works of the great poet, Messrs. James T. Brady, J. G. Maeder, J. R. Thomas, and Mr. Simpson.

The dinner, as proved by the bill of fare above, was most *recherché*, composed, as it was, of all the attainable luxuries of the season. The sea and air supplied their abundance, and the earth gave forth its treasures to add to the *éclat* of this brilliant evening.

We will not undertake to record the many pleasant things uttered during the entertainment. The merry voices and the genial laugh, redolent of the hearty enjoyment of the company,

rang through the large hall. From one corner came the frequent echo of sprightly wit and fun, uttered by one whose voice is always the merriest and most contagious. In another could be seen the interested listeners enjoying the quiet story of a well-known wag, whose keen observations of nature were painted in words which touched all hearts. We will not say that this was the most brilliant company that had ever assembled to enjoy a festivity, but we *will* say that no company of more congenial tastes—of finer and more delicate appreciation of what is worthy of an intellectual man's enjoyment, could be got together, than was here assembled. "Good humor and sweet content" reigned throughout.

After an hour and a half's wandering through the mazes of a luxurious provision, at last came the "quart of sack, with a toast in it," welcomed by each man standing, inspired with the antique spirit of Shakspeare's days. The noble silver tankards went round amid the merry jokes of the company, as each in turn took his draft. It was "hot i' the mouth," but left behind it that grateful sense of satisfaction which even Jack Falstaff would have envied.

The dinner thus concluded, and thanks returned by the Rev. Mr. Hudson, the venerable president announced the toasts, which were repeated by his *aïd*, from the other side of the table, preceding the delivery of each with some appropriate and frequently eloquent and stirring remarks, each toast being followed by music, arranged under the cultivated and delicate taste of Mr. Richard Storrs Willis. Mr. Simpson, a tenor of exquisite sweetness, and Messrs. Thomas and Maeder, with noble bass voices, produced a charming entertainment of music. To these Mr. Lang frequently added his voice. The pieces sung were all selected from Shakspeare's plays, and were most appropriate to the sentiment proposed, as the reader may easily recognize below. The President offered the first sentiment,

"The Day we Celebrate."

"The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy-day."

Glee.

What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

To which William M. Evarts responded in a happy vein of thought, and marked by the solidity which characterizes his speeches.

The second was responded to by the Rev. Mr. Hudson, whose cheerful and witty remarks brought down the warm applause of the table.

"Shakspeare."

"A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
The spacious world cannot again afford."

Solo—The Epitaph.

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear

To dig the dust inclosed here.

Blest be the man that spares these stones,

And curst be he that moves my bones.

It would be unjust to the reverend gentleman if we were to undertake even an outline of his remarks. They were original, and of exceeding wit, and contributed greatly to the intellectual pleasure of the evening.

To the third, "His Commentators,"

They "have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified."

Duet.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply!
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it—ding, dong, bell.

Mr. Richard Grant White gave some wholesome advice, and recommended Shakspeare and not "His Commentators," to his friends. There was an unaffected sincerity in his remarks which gave the greatest satisfaction.

James T. Brady, Esq., answered to the sentiment,

"The Drama;"

" . . . Whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

Song.

The owl is abroad,
The bat and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain;
The ant and the mole
Sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out o' the fountain.

—amusing the audience with a humorous picture of the enthusiasm of his boyhood for the theatre. Many a surreptitious glance behind the scenes had he taken; the deep mystery and awe which was thereby inspired he could never forget. His remarks were received with much merriment, and brought out frequent bursts of applause.

Mr. Siddons, in answer to

"The Players,"

" . . . let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time."

Solo.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot;
Though thou the water's warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! etc.

He gave a very amusing history of his connection with the theatre in Bengal, and in a quiet, conversational tone of remark, occupied the attention of the company with many pleasant reminiscences.

To the toast of "The 'Century,'"

"Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art;
And make us heirs of all eternity."

Song.

I am a friar of orders gray,
And down the valley I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of venison fills my scrip;
My long head-roll I merrily chant;
Wherever I go, no money I want;
And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll tell,
Who lives a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper, of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream:
Myself by denial I mortify,
With a dainty bit of a warden pie;
I'm clothed in sack-cloth for my sin,
With old sack wine I'm lin'd within:
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper's bell is my bold ding dong.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

J. H. Gourlie made a few remarks, which he concluded with a compliment to the president of the "Century," for his active interest in the success of the institution, and to which its members were mainly indebted for its prosperity.

Mr. O'Gorman, unhappily for those present, here left the room, and to the sentiment,

"Woman,"

"From women's eyes this doctrine we derive,
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the art, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

Trio.

O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Mr. E. S. Van Winkle was invited to respond. This gentleman always acquits himself well. On this occasion, and taken by surprise, he made one of the most acceptable speeches of the evening. His familiarity with the writings of Shakspeare was proved by the felicity of his remarks, and the manner in which

they were received gave evidence of the high enjoyment of those who listened.

The set toasts of the evening were thus happily disposed of; but the truth has not been half told. Mr. Verplanck most charmingly and felicitously gave some of his reminiscences of Ooake, and Kean, and Cooper, and Talma, and Siddons, and kept the attention of the gentlemen present on the alert, like *Oliver Twist*, for more. Judge Daly, too, always instructive and entertaining, indulged his friends with frequent remarks. His compliment to Mr. Sanderson was well deserved, and met with the warm approbation of all present.

Mr. Macdonough proposed "The Athenæum."

The Hon. George Folsom, president of that kindred institution, responded, comparing the degeneracy of the public taste for the theatrical performances of the present day with that of the glorious days of Siddons, and Cooke, and Kean. The revival of a love for Shakspeare would do much to restore the stage to its past elevated and useful position. His remarks met the hearty response of all who heard them.

The Hon. Judge Daly having proposed the health of Mr. Sanderson, that gentleman arose, and with a sensibility that proved his appreciation of the cordial manner in which the allusion to his efforts to make this occasion one worthy of the "Century," had been received, said: "That he hoped it was only the beginning of a series of annual banquets to be given here, in honor of the great dramatist. He had given his time and thought to this noble purpose, and if it had met the approval of his friends present he was content."

The gentlemen here unanimously passed a vote of thanks to the fair lady and her friends who furnished the flowers for the occasion. They were of those specially alluded to by Shakspeare, and were most tastefully arranged by one fair hand whose skill in such matters is universally acknowledged. As a slight token of the remembrance of her kind aid, the gentlemen voted to send to her the *Boar's Head*, ornamented with rosemary, which was placed in front of the president.

Thus ended the Shakspeare celebration at the "Century." It was a beautiful and tasteful tribute to the memory of the great dramatist, and will doubtless be repeated at every return of the anniversary of his birth.

The party separated at an early hour, having enjoyed an entertainment which each will remember with pride and pleasure all his life.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

Boston, May 15, 1860.

Dear Crayon:

My time has been so completely occupied for some months, that I have not found leisure to send you even the few art items which have come in my way. Messrs. Champney and Ames have had studios here during the winter, and are both busily engaged upon commissions. Mr. Ordway has just finished a little *genre* picture, which is attracting much attention. The subject is a girl knitting at a cottage-door; and the whole thing is so pleasingly rendered, that we hope he will give us others in the same style. Messrs. Gerry, Fisher, Hinckley, Morvillier, and Rondell have studios out of town, but are occasionally to be met with at Williams and Everett's new exhibition room, of which more anon. Barry, whom you have had the good taste to take unto yourselves, is here on a visit. It is to be regretted that our best artists are obliged to go to New York in order to be appreciated here. Your correspondent of last month was hardly just in regard to the pictures exhibited at the last Art-

ists' Reception. He says "There were very few pictures on the walls, and those rather indifferent." Most of the pictures were painted with great care for that occasion; and as nearly all of our best artists contributed, it is but fair to suppose that some might have been respectable, to say the least. R. M. Staigg's "Little Street Sweeper" was there, and, to judge by the number of persons who paused at her crossing, might have filled her pocket with pennies had she been so disposed. Our lady artists have been doing themselves much credit during the past winter. The landscapes of Miss Sarah Clarke and Mrs. Darrah are so well and so favorably known that mention of them is unnecessary; but we have some other ladies among us whose works in a different direction, though less widely known, are truly admirable. I allude to Miss Harriet Cheney and Miss Ellen Robbins. The former has been doing some charming heads of children, which remind us strongly of the portraits of the late Seth Cheney; they possess not a little of the sweetness and sentiment which characterize his works. Miss Ellen Robbins paints autumn leaves and wild flowers in water-colors, and does them beautifully. She has already transferred the fugitive beauties of many spring blossoms to the quiet of her portfolio, and by autumn will have a new collection of floral treasures to send to France and England, where many of her best things have already gone. While writing this we hear that Mr. Wheelock has an exhibition of water-color paintings over the bookstore of Crosby and Nichols, Washington street. The *Transcript* says, "Among them are some of the finest views of the White Mountains and Lake Winnipisseogee we have even seen. In richness and truth of color, in skill in representing atmospheric effect, in poetic feeling and treatment, and in unity of impression, these paintings show the accomplished artist." An artist's sale of paintings took place at Brewer's Hall, on the 4th instant, and was not more successful than previous ones have been. Messrs. Williams and Everett have recently opened a large and well-lighted picture gallery, where something good in art can always be found, and where one rarely fails to meet pleasant company. Schwartz's "Pilgrims at Worship" is now the principal object of attention; but the other meritorious works of art which cover the walls are not neglected. Messrs. Bierstadt, Darrah, Gay, Gerry, Brown, Frost, Hodgden, Innes, and others, have contributed, and the result is a very desirable and accessible *free* exhibition of paintings. Mr. Ordway opens the next exhibition at the Beacon street Athenæum in June. The present one has been quite successful, I understand. The School of Design, in Temple Place, is in a flourishing condition—it could not well be otherwise, with so thorough and accomplished a teacher as is Mr. Tuckerman.

f.

NEW YORK.—At the annual meeting of the National Academy of Design, Wednesday, May 9, the following Academicians were reelected officers for the ensuing year: A. B. Durand, *President*; Charles O. Ingham, *Vice-President*; T. Addison Richards, *Corresponding Secretary*; J. B. Stearns, *Recording Secretary*; Thomas S. Cummings, *Treasurer*.

H. P. Gray, D. Huntington, J. W. Casilear, George A. Baker, F. W. Edmonds, and W. Oliver Stone, form the *Council*.

The Council, assisted by V. Colyer and J. B. Bristol, of the Associates, form the *Committee of Arrangements* of the next annual exhibition.

The following associates and professional honorary members were made *Academicians*: E. Leutze, J. W. Ehninger, A. Bierstadt, A. H. Wenzler, and Eastman Johnson.

The following artists were elected *Associates*: W. L. Sontag, W. Whitredge, Jervis McEntee, C. Barry, and W. S. Haseltine.

The annual meeting this season proved to be a more interesting one than has taken place for many years. Professor S. F. B. Morse, the first president of the Academy, spoke at the collation which was served after the business was over, giving some interesting facts concerning his artistic career, and the discovery, perfection, and application of the magnetic telegraph. Added to this was a paper read by J. Sturges, Esq., a trustee of the Academy's property, and a faithful friend of the institution, setting forth reminiscences of artists and amateurs but scarcely known to the present generation. Remarks followed suitable to the occasion, made by the officers and members. The chief item of interest in relation to the affairs of the institution that came before the meeting was the sale of the real estate owned by the Academy, the effect of which is to provide available means for the erection of a building worthy of the institution.

A VIEW of Niagara Falls, on a scale that would embrace the entire fall, has long been a desideratum. MR. T. B. THORPE has attempted to meet this want in a picture called "Niagara Falls from Victoria Point," and with very considerable success. The Falls are viewed from a precipice down the stream, on the Canada shore, where the spectator is placed, apparently over the river itself. The eye embraces both shores of the river, the American Fall, Goat Island, and the Horse Shoe Fall, which connect the two banks, and complete the circuit of the topographical line. The object of the painter has been to give a literal colored view, with no aim at artistic management. The sky in this picture, as seen by gas-light, seemed to us very well painted, and the local color of the objects appeared to be true. An engraving of this work is to be published.

We have before reported H. K. Brown as engaged upon certain works in sculpture, for the new State House at Columbia, S. C., and now give a description of his labors, taken from the correspondence of the Richmond Despatch.

"On each side of the grand entrance doorway, will be the Roman *fascies* or emblem of authority, and over these will be two eagles; then two medallion busts of McDuffie and Hayne, executed by Mr. H. K. Brown, of the U. S. Art Commission; above these again will be two festoons, composed very artistically of the cotton plant—this portion is executed in marble. Mr. Brown has, likewise, received a commission to fill the tympanum of the North Pediment with alto-relief statuary, and his design is a happy conception. The centre figure, which is thirteen feet high, is a female, walking on the seashore, on her left hand a Palmetto tree, and on her right the rising sun, with the anchor of Hope beside her—this being the arms of the State. On one side is Justice, with the sword and scales, a lion at her feet as the emblem of strength, on the other a figure of Liberty, with the eagle of America rising beside her. To the left of this central group, are negroes rolling cotton bales, and further on a cotton field is represented, with the negroes gathering cotton. On the right hand, a rice field in harvest time. Thus the industry and commerce of the Palmetto State at the present time will be faithfully represented to future generations.

MR. EHNINGER has removed his studio to No. 62 Lafayette Place. He has built a studio adjoining, expressly for the accommodation of pupils, and will be ready to receive them by the 1st of October next.

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

ON account of their biographical interest, we republish two letters that appeared in the *Evening Post*, relating to our friend and contributor, Flake White. Mr. White, happening to be out

of town on a professional tour, we are unable to obtain the necessary particulars for a complete notice of his life, and accordingly jot down one or two additional facts on our own responsibility, trusting they will meet public curiosity. Flake White states that he was born in New England, but where he cannot tell, as his parents did not live long enough after his birth to inform him. He studied art in Boston—we think in the studio of Chester Harding—beginning with grinding colors. This practice led to efforts at portrait painting. Flake's first attempt was a successful portrait of a red-haired baby. Flake says, he cut under his master in price, and got the commission, the child's father having assisted him by proving to its mother that Flake was a genius. This baby's portrait brought others, recommended by the aforesaid father. Flake says he would doubtless have become a very popular artist through these people, had not his patron failed, and lost his money; and consequently, with a loss of credit, his influence in the community as a judge of Art. Flake's customers accordingly dropped off, and the Boston public, notoriously unimpressible to budding talent, not taking him up, he was obliged to leave that city and seek his fortune elsewhere. This neglect of the Bostonians will probably account for his allusion to Boston taste in one of the letters below. After Flake's exodus from Boston, we can recall nothing more of his career until he introduced himself to us and our readers in the columns of the *Crayon*.

INFORMATION WANTED.

NORTH BARTLETT, WHITE MOUNTAINS, April 18th, 1860.

To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:

Dear Sirs: Two or three years ago an artist named Flake Wight boarded several weeks at my house, with his family, making sketches of our scenery. He did not pay his board very regularly, but he was a quiet, pleasant inmate, and my woman was rather took by his wife and children, so we let them hang on along through the season. When Mr. Wight went away, he paid part of his bill, and as security for the balance (\$35) left a view of Mt. Washington, which he said was worth two hundred and fifty dollars. (No landscape was ever worth that sum in my opinion.) We agreed that if I sold it for more than he owed, I should send him the difference.

A gentleman has seen this view, and took a great fancy to it. He said the fall colors were brighter, and the mountains more distinct than any he had seen in Boston. (The barn by the meadow has been carried away since by a freshet, but it's as natural as life in the painting—you can count every shingle in the roof.) I asked \$250 at first, and he offered \$75; finally I screwed him up to \$125, so there is \$90 due Mr. Wight. As you are acquainted with artists, perhaps you will know if he is still living. I heard he did some printing afterward for the *Crayon* newspaper. He was a stout man, with rather longish brown hair, red cheeks, and wore glasses. As soon as you let me know, I will send you the money in good bills of Centre Harbor Bank, or will take Mr. Wight, or a friend of his, to board this summer, for the amount. Yours respectfully,

T. CRAWFORD BEMUS.

FLAKE WHITE'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, April 27th, 1860.

To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:

Gentlemen: The editor of the *Crayon* will confirm my claim to be the person described as Flake Wight in the letter from North Bartlett, of the 18th instant, and published by you on Wednesday last. Mr. Bemus is a deserving and honest man, but unkind to say I did not pay my board regularly. I was then a struggling artist, with a large family. He sold my view of Mount Washington too low. I painted it in imitation of Cropsey's large picture of the same scene, and it was very like his style, though some said as much like Cole. Had it been a weak, misty, Boston production, the low price might

have answered, but \$125 for a large first-class New York White Mountain picture is absurd. I shall, however, be glad to receive the \$90 in Centre Harbor bills, if *good*, as he states. I am rather suspicious of New England money. Please send the amount, when received, to the *Crayon* office, and greatly oblige,

Yours respectfully,

FLAKE WHITE.

P. S.—I never was a *printer*, as he says, but a *correspondent* of the *Crayon*. Please send the money as soon as possible, for I have been put to unusual expense by the unhandsome conduct of the National Academy in declining to receive a large picture, and even refusing to pay bills of freight, etc. But I have written fully about this to my friend, the editor of the *Crayon*.

F. W.

The following letter reaches us just as we go to press.

FAIR HAVEN, May 18th, 1860.

Dear *Crayon* :

I am truly obliged to you and to the editors of the *Evening Post* for the \$90, which I promptly received. One of the bills (a \$5), was called doubtful by a clerk, who sold me some green; but on examination he took it. I found afterwards he had given me a counterfeit \$3 bill in change. Excuse my mentioning this, and believe me your true friend,

FLAKE WHITE.

A CONTRIBUTOR to "Dwight's Journal of Music," furnishes the following bit of art-gossip, taken from an old German periodical :

In 1806, appeared a periodical at Weimar, devoted to criticism principally, entitled "Elysium and Tartarus;" i. e., most of the numbers were headed with the former word, some of them with the latter, in which unfortunate would-be-poets and pseudo artists were rendered unhappy. Here is a complete title—notable because Goethe had something to do with it:

1806.

(Vignette.)

No. 49.

ELYSIUM.

Zeitung für Poesie, Kunst und neuere Zeitgeschichte.]

Mittwoch, den 2 Juli.

In this number is a continuation of art news from Rome, a passage of which, being interpreted, is this:

"An American artist, Washington Allstone, has just finished a landscape, which, from its style of execution, is very remarkable. One notices in the works of Garafalos and many old masters a freshness and liveliness of color, which leave later works far behind. Washington believes that he has discovered the secret of that style. He, in a landscape, and Schick, in his excellent portrait of the young Baroness von Humboldt, have employed this method very happily. The secret is said to be the use of asphaltum. [Literally, *lacing* with asphaltum.] This landscape, which has no middle ground (for a lake fills the plain surface), has through this treatment in its coloring an extraordinary force of effect. Two groups of trees, in one of which they are straight, full of foliage and of a deep green, in the other irregular, wild looking trunks on a base of rocks, shut in the view at the sides. The dark green, the gloomy glades, have something grand, and at the same time strange. The view is taken from lake Lucerne. Mount Pilate rises from the water, a small island swims upon the waves, mighty, snow-crowned mountains close in the distance. Without being particularly excellent as a composition, something grand speaks to us in the picture, which effect is increased by its striking lights and the extreme transparency of its strong colors. The trees have a strange air (they are very green and flat), and appear to be of American growth. Diana, with her nymphs and dogs, is hunting upon the shore of the lake. The background is rather grey (*fällt ins Graue*), the clouds are heavy, still the character of the mountains is well expressed, and handled with understanding. The drawing of the trees, which is also somewhat heavy, has much of Ruisdael's manner."

Literary Record.

LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By George P. Marsh. Charles Scribner, New York.

As we advance in civilization, and as we mature in thought, the necessity of having a correct and extensive knowledge of language seems to be all the greater. We know of no volume published in this country better calculated to furnish this knowledge than the one before us, proceeding, as it does, from an author who is well known to have made language a life study. The book furnishes ample evidence of it. To a varied and deep knowledge of the labors of European scholars, he adds many original and satisfactory contributions of his own. We stand in great need of such a work, in view of the many corruptions which are almost daily introduced into our language; and we hope to see it sufficiently well read to do the good intended by its author.

We all know that there is no better index to a man's intellectual and moral condition than the use he makes of language; it never fails to uncover his interior state—never fails to show to what extent nature has slighted or favored him—to what extent he has brought his self-consciousness into his general culture—and to what extent he has been either degraded or elevated by his family and social connections. This volume is accordingly the more desirable and beneficial, inasmuch as the educational institutions of the country, through their practical teachers, seem to be entirely wanting in the power of spreading a thorough and correct knowledge of our language amongst young people. The slang of vulgar parents and vulgar associates, seems to be paramount, and calls for some strong agent to set it aside. Mr. Marsh's book, therefore, comes opportunely. It will effect an important reformation amongst those who have any natural aptitude for the right use of language; it will furthermore sharpen their desire to become familiar with the writings of neglected authors; it opens out a new insight into the rich resources and inexhaustible mines of our great mother tongue, strengthening and refreshing the mind of the present by immersing it in that of the past. The purpose, says Mr. Marsh, of the thirty lectures whereof this volume is composed, is to excite a more general interest among educated men and women in the history and essential character of their native tongue, and to recommend the study of the language in its earlier literary monuments rather than through the medium of grammars and linguistic treatises. The lectures are addressed to the many, not to the few—to those who have received such an amount of elementary discipline as to qualify them to become their own best teacher in the attainment of general culture, not to the professed grammarian or linguistic inquirer.

If the last century was remarkable for its logical study of languages, the present is equally remarkable for its comparative study, and for its historical investigations into their origin and course among the different races of the world. If every people may be analyzed through its languages, we are destined, through this study, to have a very correct knowledge of the different branches of the human family, and the great vicissitudes which have characterized them. It is generally admitted that the changes through which languages have passed are not the result of hazard or blind caprice, but are due to the operation of constant and certain laws, and that they have followed a regular and fixed course. It is thus that they give to history suffi-